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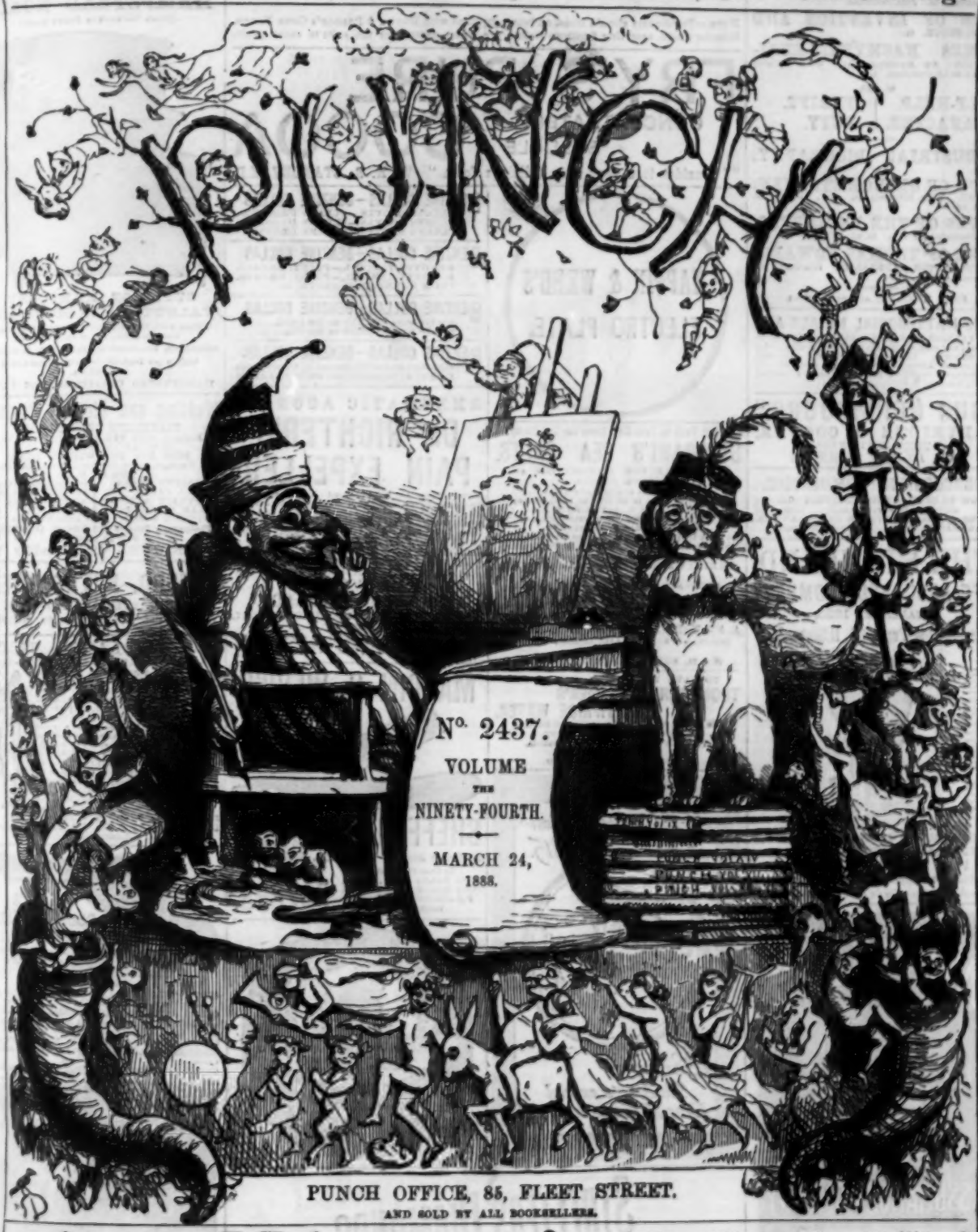

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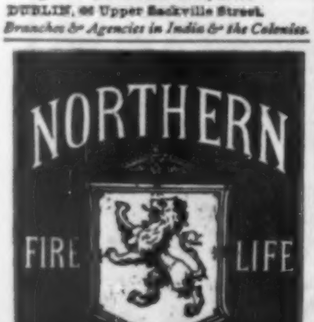

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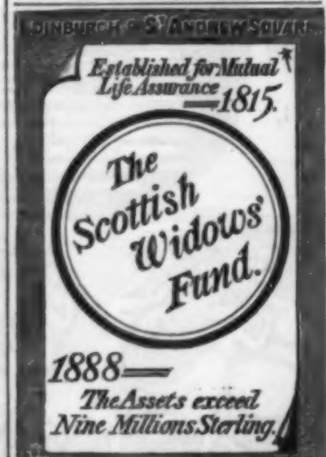

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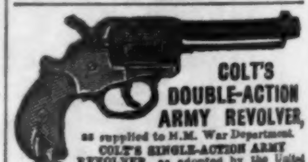

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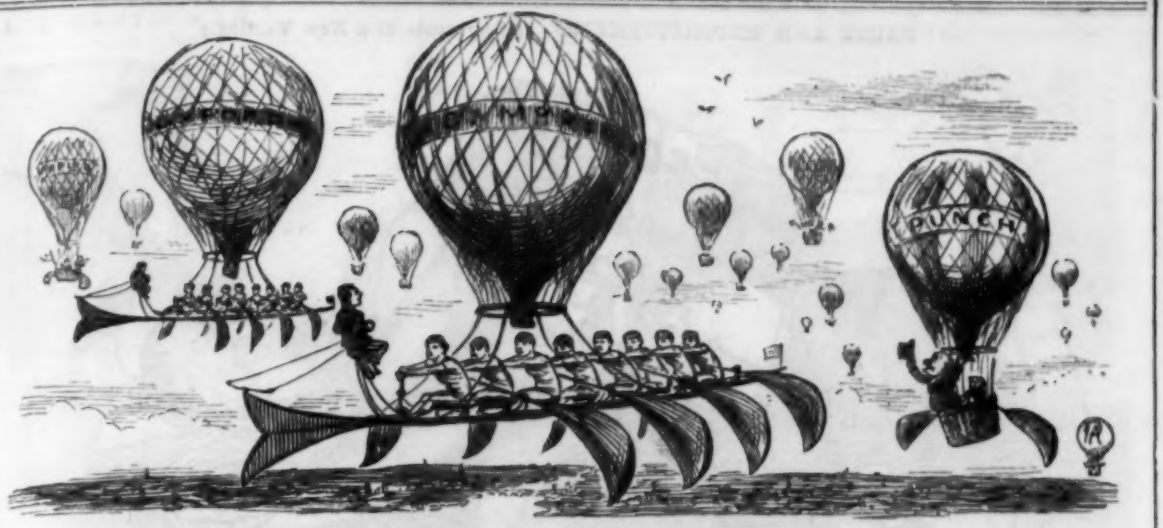


THE COMING RACE.—A PROPHETIC VISION OF 1988.

"SLAVES OF THE RING."

Old Style.

Yesterday the long-expected mill between Joe Brown and Jack Smith came off before about five thousand patrons of the Noble Art. Most of the House of Peers and all the House of Commons were present, and there was a good sprinkling from the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Bar, the Army, the Navy, and the lowest slums. In another part of our paper we have described the Battle in detail, but here it will suffice to jot down the first round and the last.

Round 1.—Both men came up smiling. Joe struck out well with his left, and landed upon Jack's right peeper, which immediately assumed rainbow colours. Upon this Smith retorted with his right on the snuff-box, breaking the bone, and producing a fine flow of the ruby. Smart countering following, until Joe went down from a sledge-hammer blow from Jack. First blood and fall to Smith.

Round Last.—Both men were groggy and had to be placed face to face. It was unsafe to say which was which or who was who, as their features were so mixed that it was impossible to distinguish them. In spite of this they still struck out, Jack catching Joe a blow on the side of his head, which severed his remaining ear. This seemed to rouse Joe, who made one last effort, crushing Jack's chest in, and turning his eyes into pease-pudding. This was too much for Jack, who dropped senseless, and could not be recovered.

It will be seen from the above that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

New Style.

Yesterday the long-expected encounter between Joseph Brown, Esq., and Mr. Zachariah Smith took place in the presence of six specially appointed representatives of the sporting world. Amongst those who would have liked to have been present, had they not been prevented by engagements elsewhere, were the proprietors of many of the leading Metropolitan Music-halls. It is an open secret that both the gallant gentlemen who so nobly fought yesterday are in great request and can pick their engagements. Mr. Joseph who had just come from a dance, was in evening dress, while Mr. Brown wore a fashionably-cut shooting suit. After smoking some cigarettes, sipping their coffee, and glancing through the papers, the opponents prepared for the encounter, divesting themselves of their upper clothing. The battle was of so much interest, that we give it *in extenso*.

Round 1.—Both gentlemen advanced smiling. On seeing his opponent's clenched fist, Mr. Brown retired, and was followed round the ring. Wearying of this manœuvre he raised his right arm as if to give a blow, when Mr. Smith went under.

Round 2.—Both rather out of breath from their late exertions. Mr. Smith touched Mr. Brown on the shoulder, upon which the last called out, "Yes, Zachariah, do you want me?" To which Mr. Smith answered, "No, Joseph, the touch was accidental." Mr. Smith raised his fist threateningly when Mr. Brown went under.

Rounds 3 *to* 36.—These took some time. There was nothing particular in any of them, save in Round 43, when Mr. Smith slipped and fell, injuring his nose. First blood to Mr. Brown.

Round Last.—The two men came up yawning. Mr. Smith was wearing a piece of sticking-plaster on his nose, and Mr. Brown had a piece of rag round his wounded little finger. Upon an appeal from the bystanders the battle was declared drawn, and the combatants resumed their clothing and fraternised.

It will be seen from the account that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I've nothing to say about books this week. I've gone from cover to cover, and drawn blank. But I think I am on the right scent now, having just taken up *The Prima Donna*, by Sutherland Edwards. More of this anon. Its appearance opportunely—or operatunely—anticipates the coming Season of Drurriolanus Operaticus.

Most newspapers have an "Agony Column," and the *Illustrated London News* now has a "Payn Column"—a double Payn Column—every week. In the latest Payn Column, "J. P." alluding to the recent story of the Sham Nuns in France, declares that the dramatic possibilities of the tale "make the poor British novelist's mouth water." Now, J. P. is not by any means a "poor British novelist;" but I think I see through him in this case as clearly as if he were a Payn of glass, and to save him the trouble of commencing a plot with this material, I beg to inform him that the story has already been done. It occurs as one of the many incidents in a French novel which I read within the last three years, but what its name was, or whether it was written by Boisgobey, Montépin, Maupassant, or some other free-and-easy romancist, I cannot at this moment remember. In this novel the nuns were mostly sham ones, they had some lambs among them to be fleeced, and their director, the Abbé somebody, was no clergyman at all, but a swindler who ultimately fell into the hands of the Police. I am inclined to think it was one of Boisgobey's, but at all events it has been done. However, never mind, Mr. James Payn, keep up your "high spirits." After all, it's only one "holiday task" the less, says the

Baron de Book Worms.

A GOLDEN EGG AGAIN.

Another Great Auk's Egg has turned up, been put up to Aukshun, and knocked down again, without being smashed, fortunately, frail a curiosity as it was to come under the hammer. Mr. Stevens, of King Street, Covent Garden, lately "sold a very fine egg of the Great Auk for £225." It came into the possession of its late owner in 1851, who then bought it for £18. His name was Wise, and he was not only so called, but was so. This one egg was ultimately taken to a good market, and was sold for the sum abovementioned. We hope it has reached its destination in safety. An accident might happen from mere Aukwardness. Some of us will be wishing that we had a private Auk, of a sporting turn, who would lay heavily occasionally. We wouldn't kill him to see how the trick was done.

Conversion with Resignation.—An affliction we have to endure in this Exchequered state of existence.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES. (Fragments of a New Version.)

Scene—*St. Stephen's Study.*

Faust (*representing the H-se of L-rds*).
Mephistopheles—Mr. H-nry L-b-ch-re, M.P.

* * * * *

Faust. A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?
Mephistopheles. 'Tis I!
Faust. Come in! How funnily you 're dress!
Mephisto. Perhaps. And yet, Sir, if I *might* presume,
I'd counsel you to don the same costume,
And, free from your old trammels, speed away.
A livelier part—below—you might essay.
Faust. Too old am I your brisker part to play.
And yet my limitations I deplore,
And own with all my heart that life's a bore.
Mephisto. Your present life is dull, that is confess'd,
Yet death is never quite a welcome guest.
Faust. No; *More*, at the last pinch, we all would choose;
But lately there's no luck about *my* House.

Chorus of Spirits (*invisible*).
Woe! Woe!
Rads would destroy
That beautiful House.
With violent blows
Already 'tis battered,
And very much shattered.
Morley would sweep
The wrecks into nothingness,
Whereat we weep.
The splendour that's gone,
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,

"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Wife (in a Bar's rest). "Joahn! Ye 'ee a Baur ahint!!"

Lofty and mighty one,
Bring back once more.
In thine own person the lost world restore.
Now, with reforms immense,
Enter a new career;
Praise shall salute thine ear
Ne'er heard before!

Mephistopheles.

Knowing souls these Spirits be.
Mark! With veritable *nous*
How they recommend to thee
Life in a much "mended" House.
In a worn-out world you dwell,
Fain they would allure you hence.
Stagnate here no more, old swell;
Here you lose all sap and sense!
Forbear to fool around, you and your Chief,
In this ornate but soul-depressing den.
In our society you'll find relief,
You'll feel yourself a man with fellow-men.
Not that I'd thrust you mid the vulgar throng.
I almost to the upper ranks belong,
And if you'll take my tip, old boy, and mend,
I will engage to be your candid friend,
Your jolly comrade—will you take a weed?
—I'll make a man of you. I will indeed!
Faust. And how must I requite your service, pray?
Mephisto. Oh, any time will do for that.
Faust. Nay! nay!
A cynic is an egotist, I know,
And you are looking for some *quid pro quo*.
Mephisto. Bless you, you quite misunderstand my mood;
What I'd propose is for your proper good.
I would rejuvenate you; young, strong, warm,
My dose will make you.
Faust. What *is* it?
Mephisto. Reform!
A pleasant, harmless potion, I assure you.
You're moribund, old man, but this will cure you;
Improve you——
Faust. Off the earth, perhaps! I've heard
Of certain creatures, who were so absurd
As to essay committing suicide
To save themselves from slaughter; sense and pride [folly.
I hope will long preserve me from that
Mephisto. Bosh! You'll live long, and be no end of jolly,
If you'll but bolt my pleasantest of pills,
'Twill cure you of *hereditary* ills.
Inherited diseases mark your strain,
Gout—at your heart,—and palsy—of your brain,—
'Tis *they* are bringing you to grief, old fellow! [low.
My dose will make you healthy, active, mel-
Here's my prescription. Sign it! Your blue blood
Won't miss a drop; indeed, 'twill do you good; [scribe;
Depletion's just the thing I should pre-
Phlebotomy's the need of all your tribe.
Sign; just to show your confidence, dear boy!
After the dose your life you'll much enjoy.
Come! do not funk it! I am your best friend.
The fiat has gone forth, Faust.—Mend or End!

* * * * *

CONSCIENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

It is very kind of you, dearest *Punch*, to suggest that women ought to have the suffrage, because then some of us at least would, when we thought we ought to, send the Chancellor of the Exchequer conscience-money. As it is, I wonder how he can possibly expect we should. Who is it, Shakespeare or Dr. Johnson, or somebody, that said taxation without representation is tyranny? Not to mention conscience-money, what conscience can we have to pay any taxes that we can avoid at all? Allow us votes, and then the Government will see whether we shall be conscientious taxpayers or no! Ever yours,

Justitia.

P.S.—Will Mr. Goschen have conscience-money from Ladies, or wait till he gets it?

Fair Trade to Lord Salisbury.

(After his late Speech.)

My pleas at one time seemed your pity to move,
But now you are deaf to my prayers.
It was politic, then, to dissemble your love,
But—*need* you now kick me down-stairs?

The Two "Short-Sentence" Judges.

Mr. Justice Mathew calls on Mr. Justice Day. Brief interview.

Mr. Justice M. Then we——
Mr. Justice D. Quite agree.
Mr. Justice M. Can't stay.
Mr. Justice D. Door, May.
Mr. Justice M. Good, Day. [*Exit.*

CAUTION V. CAUTION.

"So careful, so economical, my dear Wife is! She always locks up the Decanters when we've had all we want—on account of the Servants, you know! He! he!... She doesn't know I've got a Key too!"

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

[Mr. Cameron, on resuming his seat, sat on his hat.]

Back to the House! Every man, Joe,
Must own that you came in good time,
Though they who are eager to ban Joe,
May count that to you as a crime.
Well, Joe, you may e'en let them hammer on,
They don't find it easy to score.
The Speaker at once squelched poor Cameron,
Doubtless *he* found it a bore.
He fancied, depend, Joe, upon it, you
Turned up to the moment most pat;
What he wished, my dear Joe, was to bonnet you;
What he did was—to sit on his hat!

OYSTER CORNER.

It seems that two or three large firms, Proprietors of the Whitstable Oyster Grounds, have clapped another 25 per cent. on to the wholesale price of "natives." But these so-called natives of England are said to be really natives of France, imported hither mostly from Arcachon, and only laid down at Whitstable and other places, to be cultivated and fattened. These molluscs, therefore, in this country, are not natives at all, but only naturalised foreigners. Because an alien oyster has been educated at Whitstable, it is no more a native than a man is a horse because he was born in another stable. The exorbitant price of oysters appears to be mainly owing to the operations of an Oyster Ring, in which, as in the Betting Ring, there is much at work like jockeyship. In the interest of oyster-eaters, with a view to counteract that kind of practice upon the market, what do financiers say to the formation of a Native Oyster Company (Limited). "Oh, for an hour of brave old Dandolo!" That is to say, with a slight abbreviation and alteration, Oh, for the return of the good old days of Dando! Then the abundance of oysters enabled that once illustrious oyster-eater to eat his fill of them at a cost which would have been unnecessary for him to count, and he never did. Let our cry be, "Down with the price of Oysters!" and let us form a bold Company to beard the Oyster in his Shell! Motto, "*Solvitur Dando.*"

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Went to hear Oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, by Dr. Mackenzie—not Sir Morrell, but the composer—on Tuesday night, March 15. Very fine—the Oratorio, not the night—as snow was falling and making slush. Blizzards were about. What a splendid title for an Oratorio, *The Blizzard*. That is to say it would be a splendid title, if its sound were not slightly suggestive of Buzzard. Still, there's something weird and German about the notion of *The Wizard and the Blizzard*. "*Gizzard*" ought to be in it somehow. So ought "*Lizard*." Will copyright title. To return to St. James's Hall. The night was a very bad one: Mackintosh outside, Mackenzie within. With Madame Nordica as the Sulamite, all were Sulamitily pleased. Lloyd's notes are still unchanged, but jokes about "unalloy'd" pleasure quite played out, except, perhaps, by G--rge Jokin' G-sch-n. Miss Hope Glenn—romantic name—looked majestic, and yet as womanly as "a woman"—for that was her *rôle* among the *dramatis personæ*—should, who possesses her rare contralto voice, not so rich, perhaps, as rare. Santley looked uncommonly sapient as *King Solomon*, and took no part in any duet or trio. I suppose in this he showed the proverbial wisdom of the character, as his Solos were given in the best style of this King 'Solo'-mon. Throughout the performance, he kept his eyes fixed on his book with the pertinacity of a musical St. Anthony. But for the subject, which of course cannot be placed on the stage, what a spectacular opera it would make! Supposing the subject changed and the libretto secularised and accommodated to the score for stage purposes, introductions would still be necessary for the sake of variety. Without scenery, costumes, and dramatic action, it is difficult to fully realise the gorgeous Eastern scene in their mind's eye. Oratorios which make so great a demand on the unaided imagination are the kind of thing which, to quote the once popular *Lord Dundreary*, "no fellow can understand," but which, evidently, No-vello can understand. An enthusiastic admirer of Madame Schumann said that, in spite of his having a terrific cold, he must go and hear her play at St. James's Hall, adding that he felt quite secure against a chill, as, whenever she performed, he was always entirely wrapped up in the music and carried away. In fact Madame has no warmer supporter than this influenzial amateur. But—will some one compose an orchestral work with grand effects to be called *The Blizzard?*

Wrapped up in the music, and quite carrried away by Madame Schumann.

KAISER WILHELM.

After the Funeral, March 16th.

It is said, in days of Summer, when the moonlight on the Rhine
Floods with scintillating silver all the land of hill and vine,
That the shadow of a monarch comes to visit earth again,
And that great imperial phantom is the ghost of Charlemagne.

Not in anger comes the Kaiser from his tomb at La Chapelle,
But his eyes are fain to look on all the scenes he loved so well;
And upon the Bridge of Moonbeams, lo! the spectre takes its stand,
With the palms of benediction o'er the ancient Fatherland.

So the olden legend runneth. Now once more the Teutons weep
For a paladin as peerless, who has won eternal sleep;
Though they mourn the mighty Soldier that his God has ta'en away,
'Tis the Father of his People that his children miss to-day.

Brave in battle, sage in council, with no thought of praise or pelf,
On the altar of his country he had immolated self;
And the up-hill path of duty with a steadfast foot he trod,
Single-hearted in devotion to the Fatherland and God!

May we not then, looking forward to the years that are to be,
When all living men have vanished like the sands beneath the sea,
Dare to presage of a presence, will be seen of man once more,
A twin-spectre in the moonbeams with the Charlemagne of yore.

And the children of those ages shall look out upon the night,
And with awe-struck whispers murmur, as they see the fearsome sight,
"Lo! his great sword flashes upward for an everlasting sign;
Kaiser Wilhelm comes to bid us keep with him the Watch on Rhine!"

DEUX BEAUX YEUX BLEUS!

MONSIEUR, *Clermont-Ferrand*, 19 *Mars*, 1888.

THOUGH I have not your tongue at the ends of my nails, I flatter myself I can, in it, express myself sufficiently to ask of you your sympathy, British and generous, in my present position, which is at once both tragic and grotesque. Tragic, because I have been placed by traitors in a position of non-activity by the *retraite d'emploi*. Grotesque, because my pieces of conviction have been one pair of blue spectacles, a "ulsterre," a crutch, whiskers *à la côtelette de mouton*, and a felt hat. But what has been my crime? I applied to the Minister of War for leave. He refused it to me. Was I, the great BOULANGER, the child of the *Café Concert*, the hero of the Boulevards, to accept this insult? No, Monsieur; a thousand times, no! So I took the leave,—that immortal birthright of all true Frenchmen, "French leave," myself. But as I wished to bring upon the Government no regrettable embarrassments, I assumed the disguise, simple and unique, which I have indicated above. And my blue spectacles are already enshrined in the hearts of my compatriots, who having had recourse to your famous *chanson comique*, are gaily greeting me with the refrain, sympathetic:—

"Deux beaux yeux bleus,
Ah! que c'est affreux!
Ainsi de montrer un homme qu'il a tort!
Ah! deux beaux yeux bleus!"

Do you think I have been indiscreet? Then, I ask you, what would be the event, if your Milord VOOLSLEY or DUKE-CAMBRIDGE demanded the permission of your Mr. SMITH to visit their hotels in London, and were refused? Would they not instantly leave Portsmouth-Dock-yard or Dover-Castle, disguised as the Chinese, the Red Indian, or the English Milord with yellow hair, and a *boule-dogue* under each arm, and defy the treasonable order which deprived them of their liberty? To this question there can be only one response. And this suggests to me, Monsieur, that if I can no longer appear on horseback, and win the applause, thrilling and grateful, of the admiring populace, I may perhaps be driven to follow in the footsteps of your great WOODIN, and give a whole entertainment in disguises, with ventriloquial accompaniment, that shall assist materially their development. If among these personages that I may then present to the public notice there should figure the "Dictator," I feel that, after the outrages of March 15, it would create not much surprise. Deign to receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

GENERAL BOUM-LANGER.

ROBERT'S DOMESTIC TRUBBLES.

I NEVER rites wen I'm in a temper, leastways I don't send my luckybrashuns to your pages when I'm bilin over. No; I gives meself time to koul down. Some weeks ago I sor it, after it had been menshunnd by you whose egel eye nothink askapes—I sor it—I mean I werryfide the kwotashun, and found myself discribed in a most respectfool Paper as "ROBERT the D——." This were pretty well to begin with, without its going on to speak of me as a meer Play Acter! And then to have to bear the horful sorcasms of my much bigger and better arf when she read of the reelly passhonet and familyiar way in which Maddam BURNS sung of me as "*Robert, O my beluved Robert!*" was more than I coud well bear, and so I sort relief from my hagitated feelings by rushing off to a Lawyer, down in the Hold Bailey, and consultin him all about it, and how much dammages I shood ask Mr. CHARLES ROSY and Maddam BURNS for.

And I'm bound to say as Mr. BENJERMIN behaved most strickly honnerabel in the hole matter. In course when I began for to tell him as I wanted to bring a Hacshun for hevvy dammages against two werry rich peeple, male and female, he natrally rubbed his hands and showd the Lawyers Glee by the customery grin. But when I showed him the noosepaper, as I had bort by the way, his face rescomed its old familyear dun brown look, and he said in his fine legal frasiology, "it ain't no go, Mr. ROBERT, for they didn't mean you, but sum forren Gent as ascomed your name, so they can plead a *allyby*, and I'll just trubble you for 6*s*. 8*d*., and wish you a werry good morning!"

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

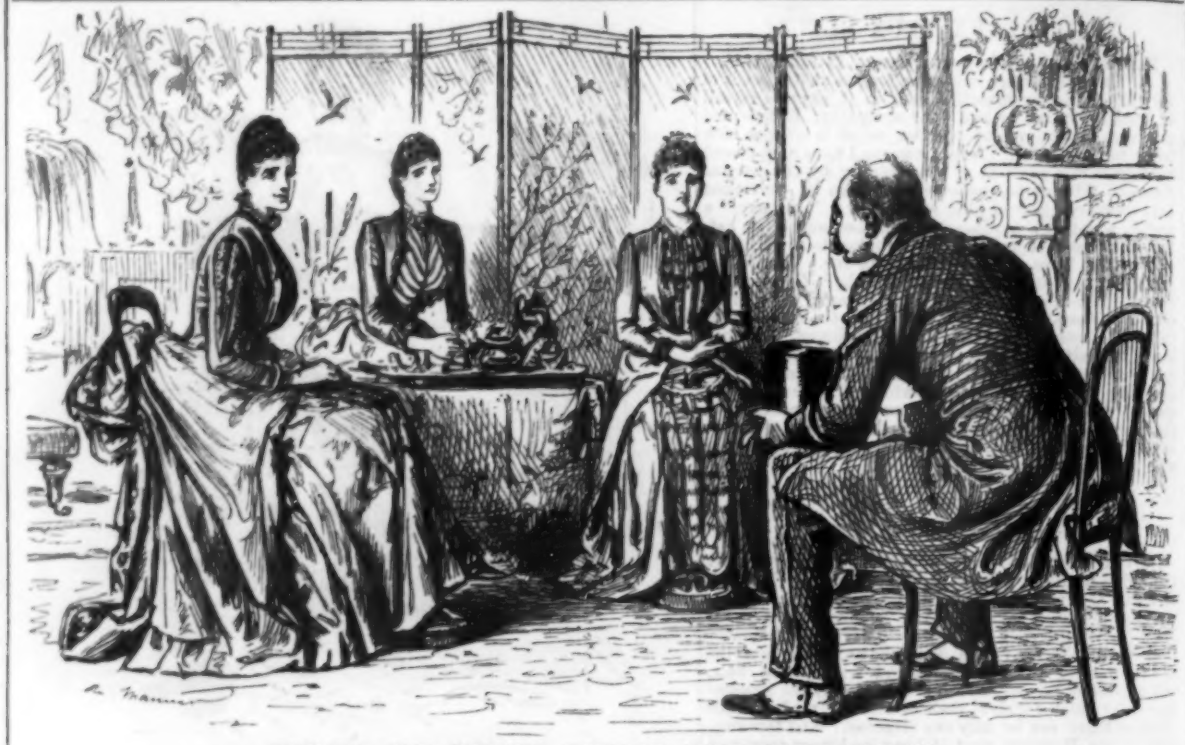
Very Naughty Tommy (who has been severely corrected by his Mamma). "I'M PRE'SH'-S-S SORRY"—(*sobbing*)—"Y'YOU EVER M-MARRIED PA'!!"

I was that thunderstruck that I was dum; but I paid the money like a man, and sort in a naybouring Pub that quiet and that mild refreshment I so much required. And in that little back parler over a quiet glass and a pipe, I rewooed my persition. I had been shamefully hinsulted by being publikly called a orful name, I had arowsed the gelosy of the partener of my joys and sorrers, without the prowd sattisfacshun of having deserved it, I had xpended the raypher considerabel sum of 6*s*. 8*d*. without nothink to show for it, and I had now to return to my gelous spowse and endever to conwince her that Maddam BURNS, when she xclaimed with all her art and with all her woice, "*Robert, O my beluved Robert!*" did not mean me, but some forren gent as made use of my onered name for some bass puppuss of his hone! What a sittywashun! I don't know as how it was ever skalled, xcept praps wen a Alderman as had bin reglar elected by his Ward had to go home and tell his xpecting Missis as the other Aldermen woodn't have him at no price, as they had wayed him in the Scales and found him wantin. I was that lorst in my thorts that I ordered another glass, amost without knowin it, and sat there sippin and thinkin, and thinkin and sippin, till I felt as the kindly sperrits had given me due courage to go home and face my angry partner.

Fancy my estonishment when I reached my umbel dwelling to find as Mrs. ROBERT wasn't in, and hadn't left no messidge with the backparler, as ushal. However, I hadn't werry long to wait before she hentered, and to my most intensest surprize of all, acshally came up to me and kissed me! saying in her werry sweetest and most winningest way, jest as she used to tork when we was a setting in Grinnidge Park afore we was married, "ROBERT, dear, I has to ask your parding for my foolish gellosy this morning, for I've bin and found out as the acount in the paper is all fawlse, for I've bin to the Court Theater to have it out with that Maddam BURNS, and I finds as there ain't no Court Theater left as there used to be at Slone Square, for they've bin and gorn and pulled it all down!" And then we sat down and had our teas, and in honner of the ocasion we had six pennyworth of muffins, which I nose is a weakness of Mrs. R.'s, and then we went to the Globe Theater, and both had a good hearty cry at the *Golden Ladder*, which we both werry much injoyed, and then home to a nice little hot supper and jest one glass of somethink nice, and then to bed. And we both agreed that if ewery base inwention against hinjured hinnocence brort forth fust such a bust of gelous affecshun, and then such a nappy reckonsillayshun, might they appear in the daily papers about wunce a week till further notice.

I did not think it necessary to menshun that it had corst me 6*s*. 8*d*. for nothink, and somethink more for somethink, or what I had heard from the Lawyer. Common Sense and common prudence alike dicktated to me not to wake the sleeping Lioness. I never woke one yet, and at my time of life I thinks as it is jest a littel too late to begin.

ROBERT.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Lady of the House (archly). "My Husband 's not at home, Mr. Goodenough. He 's gone to call on some *Pretty Women* of his acquaintance!" *Caller.* "Ah, *I've given that up long ago!*"

CONSOL-ATION; OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

A Pastoral of the Period.

Argument.—A Shrewd Shepherd, expert at a song—and a bargain—mellifluously reasoneth with a Simple Shepherdess, and "converteth" her to his own views concerning Exchange.

"*The sweet simplicity of Three-per-Cents.*"

Shrewd Shepherd (sings)—
"If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, 'Young lambs to sell!'"
Simple Shepherdess. Dear me! His singing is seductive, very!
Shrewd Shepherd. Whither away, fair Nymph?
Simple Shepherdess. Sir, you are merry.
No Nymph am I, alas! The Nymphs are fled
From our Arcadia. Great Pan is dead!
You see his *régime* would no longer suit us,
And he 's succeeded, so they say, by Plutus.
Are *you* a votary of his?
Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet maiden,
Do I *look* like a man with bullion laden?
This lamb, symbol of innocence and peace,
Has not, you see, even a golden fleece.
Simple Shepherdess. It *does* look rather puny.
Shrewd Shepherd. It is young—
Like you, my dear——
Simple Shepherdess. On every shepherd's tongue
Truth is not found, as Marlow's nymph could tell.
You're not a Passionate Shepherd, are you?
Shrewd Shepherd. Well,
I *have* been called so. If I have a passion
'Tis for statistics.
Simple Shepherdess. Ah! they're quite the fashion
E'en in Arcadia. Corydon now sings
Of "average outputs" and such horrid things.
I do hate figures! I find my felicity
In finger-reckoning and its sweet simplicity.
Shrewd Shepherd. Most rational and proper—in a lass.
At your fair shrine, *Sancta Simplicitas*,
I fain would worship.
Simple Shepherdess. You are most polite,
And now, good day!
Shrewd Shepherd. One moment! If I might
Suggest a swap!
Simple Shepherdess. What's that?
Shrewd Shepherd. Well, an exchange;
To you the patter of the Mart is strange.
Simple Shepherdess. I don't quite understand you.
Shrewd Shepherd. But you will.
That sheep of yours——
Simple Shepherdess (alarmed). You do not mean to *kill*
My pet? You're not a butcher in disguise,
Now, are you?
Shrewd Shepherd. Bless your innocent blue eyes,
Do I look like a cruel *carnifex*?
No, not for all Arcadia would I vex
Your gentle bosom. See, I wear no steel!
But,—well, your sheep is old; do you not feel
That something younger, with more *promise* in it,
E'en if not *quite* so large,—now, stop a minute!
You ladies are so hasty. Just behold
This little lambkin! He 's as good as gold,
A sweet, sweet face, a fleece of virgin snow,
Do you not yearn towards him?
Simple Shepherdess. Humph!—well—no!
I must say "nary yearn" feel I at present.
Shrewd Shepherd. You have a pretty wit, sweet Nymph, and pleasant:
Like—well, if I may say as much—like *me*.
I can crack jokes, you know, when "on the Spree."
New lamps for old, you 've heard of as a cry;
Why not new *lambs* for old?
Simple Shepherdess (hesitating.) Well, Shepherd—I—
I—don't quite like to part with my old pet! [regret.
Shrewd Shepherd. Come, come! the exchange is one you'll ne'er
Sentiment? pooh! that 's never worth a button;
This lamb will grow to a most handsome "mutton,"
Finer than that which you so closely clutch,
And you will learn to love it quite as much.
Simple Shepherdess. Well—if I must I must, but ——
Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet Simplicity.
Fear not! Ta-ta, dear! Wish you all felicity!

[*Exit* Shrewd Shepherd, *with 3 per cent. lamb, leaving the two-and-three-quarters lambkin in exchange.*

CONSOL-ATION;

OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

"Sweet Simplicity." "I *AM* SORRY TO PART WITH HIM!"

Shrewd but Seductive Shepherd. "NAY, DEAR CHILD! WHAT THOUGH THIS ONE BE BUT INDIFFERENT FAIR TO LOOK ON AT PRESENT? HE'LL LAST LONGER,—AND YOU WILL *LEARN TO LOVE HIM!!*"

"ALL THE APPLIANCES AND MEANS TO BOOT."
Shakespeare.

TOO LATE FOR GORDON.—*Falstaff (out of office).*—"Ah! no more of that, Ma'am, an thou lovest me."

SUNDAY RECREATION.—Chess is undoubtedly the Game for Sundays, as it cannot possibly be played without two Bishops.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A LEGAL LUNCHEON-BAR.

SCENE—*A Restaurant in the neighbourhood of the Courts of Justice. At the Bar, members of both branches of the Legal Profession discovered lunching on high stools; behind Bar, bustling staff of barmaids, kitchen-maids, and small boys in white caps, superintended by* Energetic Manager, *of a cheerfully familiar disposition.*

Voices behind the Bar. Small roast beef cut *lean*, ROBERT! . . . When does that mutton mean to come? . . . plates, JENNY, look alive there! . . . Were *you* the dumpling, Sir? Oh, the sausage and plain; I *beg* your pardon! . . . More prongs!

[*This last from the* Manager—*a pleasing synecdoche for forks.*

Solicitors' Clerks before the Bar. Can't let you have that further abstract yet, but it's being attended to . . . We ought to have had notice of that last affidavit they filed! . . . Costs on higher scale . . . Not the practice to give copy affidavit without the jurat—told 'em so! Notice to produce all their books for last sixteen years, &c., &c.

Shower just ceasing. Enter a Surly Man, *umbrella-less and drenched.*

Barmaid (to him, pleasantly). The rain *has* been coming down, Sir, hasn't it?

The Surly Man. Never saw it coming *up*—did you?

[*Barmaid subsides, pouting.*

The Energetic Manager (to S. M.). Good morning, Sir, you've brought the sunshine in with you! (*Savage growl from the* S. M.) But that (*politely*) I'm sure you *always* do! New or stale bread, Sir? (*Presenting plate with two squares of bread.*) Stale is *this* chap. Let me see (*with the air of a man who studies all his customers' little peculiarities*), it's cawfee *you* like with your little lunch, *isn't* it, Sir?

The S. M. Coffee? No! it's *poison* to me. Stout!

The E. M. Stout, of course it is! *You* shall have it, Sir! (*As if it was a rare and costly beverage; but he would search the universe to procure a drop or two.*) Oh, you shall *have* it!

Enter a Young Barrister *with a* Country Client. *The* Young Barrister *has just lost his first case in Court, and would much rather not lunch, but is anxious not to offend his Client, who, so far, has "taken it very well—considering."*

The Country Client (with a sigh). Well! I *did* think the Court would have been with us—but there, I suppose it can't be helped.

[*He has been saying this for the last ten minutes.*

The Young Barrister (for the twentieth time). You—you can never tell beforehand what view the Bench is going to take. (*As if he had had years of experience.*) I did *my* best. (*A little defiantly, in faint hope of forcing a compliment.*)

The C. C. (with rather offensive magnanimity). Oh, I'm not blaming *you*, my boy—though (*he has been trying to keep from saying this ever since the Court rose*) it *was* a pity you gave the other side that opening by re-examining as you did. Didn't you see that note I passed up from the well?

The Y. B. (not liking this). Which? You passed up such a *lot*, you know!

The C. C. I wish you had paid more attention to them—I know *that!* Well, never mind, I do think ALLABYE, Q.C., might have found time to look in, instead of leaving you to fight it alone. I *told* STAPLE AND VERULAM I must have a leading brief given—and this is the result! By the way, that was a smart young fellow against you—know who he is?

The Y. B. (with a pang of jealousy). Oh, I don't know. (*With affected carelessness.*) Some Common Law fellow, I believe. (*After pause—more candidly.*) PRISK, his name is.

The C. C. Very sharp the way he took you up over the registration point—why, bless my soul! (*with a pleased recognition*)—he's coming in now. (*Enter* Mr. PRISK, *with a jaunty self-satisfied air, and an eye-glass; the* C. C. *makes room for him with marked deference, while the* Y. B. *assumes a stony abstraction.*) Allow me, Sir, we've met before to-day—*Potter* v. *Kettleby*, y' know—we can afford to shake hands over it now, eh?

Prisk. To be sure. You acted for the plaintiff, didn't you? Oh, it was a walk over for us—you hadn't a leg to stand on!

The C. C. I don't know that. I was strongly advised to rely on "HUGGER AND MUGGER"——

Prisk. Cuts both ways, that case. I put that to the judge—then your own witness—what was his name? PUDDLEBY, did for *you*; that answer I got out of him on the re-examination—that gave me all *I* wanted!

The Y. B. (who has been listening to all this on the other side of his Client, and thinks it time to strike in and change the subject). Are you—a—going back to Yokelford this afternoon?

The C. C. (testily). Eh, what? Oh, forgot you were there! Going back? Yes, yes, of course! What is there to do here, *now?* (*Turns to* Mr. PRISK *in a marked manner.*) Yes, I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you, Sir, how very much struck I was with the way you conducted your case. I may say so, now it's all over. I can recognise ability (*with a disparaging glance at the* Y. B.), when I *do* happen to come across it!

Prisk (nonchalantly). Delighted to hear you say so—hard-fought case—er—(*recognises the* Y. B., *and thinks he can afford to be generous*)—on *both* sides. (*To Attendant.*) Here! *I* said mutton.

The C. C. Well, we had a good case—on paper. I suppose Mr.—er—PRISK, thank you! I suppose you don't confine yourself to any particular class of practice?

Prisk. Bless you, no! Take anything that comes in my way—trouble you to pass the salt.

The C. C. (pompously). Ah, just so, I shall remember that—*Prisk*, and your address is in the Law List, I daresay?

Prisk. Ought to be—been there for six years now. (*To Barmaid.*) Get me some cheese and butter, will you?

The C. C. (to the Y. B.). You don't seem to be getting on—I must be off soon.

The Y. B. (feeling forlorn and neglected). They haven't brought me my chop yet (*plaintively*).

The C. C. (patronisingly). You should *assert* yourself more—that's the way to get on in this life. (*To the* E. M.) When is this gentleman to have his chop?

The E. M. Waiting for your chop, Sir? Sorry you didn't mention it, Sir—work of time, a chop is, Sir. (*Loudly.*) Here—'urry up that grill-chop there! (*The cry is taken up, and carried down into the far distance, until the* Y. B. *feels thoroughly ashamed of his chop, and wishes he could sneak off and desert it. The* E. M. *to small boy with plate.*) Roast beef and Yorkshire—*right!* there's a good bo-oy! Now, then, my dear, don't take all the room there! (*Putting his hand on Barmaid's shoulder and turning her round, which she appears to resent privately.*)

The C. C. Well, I can't stay here all day. Good day, Mr. PRISK, glad to have made your acquaintance—hope we shall find ourselves on the *same* side, next time! By-by, TIMMERMAN! (*To* Y. B.)

[*Exit* C. C., *leaving* TIMMERMAN *and* PRISK *side by side.* T. *pretends not to see* P.

Prisk (with a nod to T.). Thought I knew your face. Rum old boy, that Client of yours!

T. (bitterly). He won't be a Client of *mine* much longer!

P. (easily). Oh, I don't know—you didn't do so badly. If you'd taken the line I *thought* you were going to take, I should have been up a tree. (*Consolingly.*) Everyone muffs it at starting, and but for——

T. (not very far from choking). Thank you—but it isn't much good discussing all that over *again!*

P. (with exasperating good temper). Not a bit—if you don't like it! Mistake to carry personal feeling into a case, though,—you'll find that out when you've been at it a little longer!

[*He pays his bill and strolls out, leaving the* Y. B. *to cherish wild thoughts of "chucking-up" the Bar, and going in for ranching or diamond-digging.*

E. M. (returning briskly). Your chop at *last*, Sir! (*in a tone of deep mystery and confidential congratulation, as if it didn't occur every day*), and a *hot* potato, Sir!

[*In his vivacity he slams the dishes on the counter with a force that upsets the* Y. B.'s *beer into his plate, and shoots a very floury potato into his necktie.*

The Y. B. (with a sense that nothing will prosper with him any more). Oh, it doesn't matter—don't bother about it! (*He smiles in a sickly manner.*)

The E. M. (noticing the smile with approval). Glad you are able to see the *merry* side of it, Sir!

[*Scene closes in on the* Y. B. *pecking dolefully at his chop, wondering what his Client is saying of him now, and wishing he had never been born.*

AMONG THE LATEST PARISIAN SPECTACLES.

RENTRÉE DE M. LE GÉNÉRAL BOUM DE BLEULANGER,

Author of "En Revenant de la Revue," who will give his new Song, adapted from the English, entitled,

"Oh, what a surprise,
Two Lovely Blue Eyes!"

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

Chapter II.

The next morning early found me starting for Damascus. I had received a post-card in a diabolical hand bidding me go there at once. Under the circumstances it seemed the only reasonable thing to do. I asked leave of the Principal. The term was only half finished, and he refused. I laughed in his face, and instantly brought the immense force of my will-power into play. The effect was electric. With a feeble stagger, and a sickly far-off smile, he at once gave me permission to "stay down as long as I liked." I started by the twelve o'clock express; the same train contained Gullytoff, who had received a missive similar to mine, and was departing, without further hesitation, straightway for Patagonia. We parted at Paddington. Thence onward my journey was an easy one.

In three weeks after my departure I found myself lolling in lazy luxury under the deep blue canopy of the Eastern Meridian. In some respects the hotel I had selected at Damascus was a peculiar one; it had a back garden of roses that led imperceptibly into a fair green oasis in an Arabian desert, intersected by cool bubbling streamlets that played in the soft shadows of the lovely oleander and myrtle bushes, which lent it its subtle and fantastic charm. Here it was my wont to wander 'neath the myriad stars that glistened in the stilly firmament above, while the pale crescent moon hung suspended in the emerald amber of the dying West, lying like a slice of glorified and silvered melon upon its back in some wondrous incandescent and translucent sea.

One night I happened to have strolled many miles further than was my wont in this enchanting paradise, from the habitable precincts of my abode, when a strange sound smote my ear. I listened intently. I was not disappointed. I distinctly heard the words "*Houp-là!*" pronounced in a sweet but melancholy voice. To dash through the intervening myrtle-bushes and find myself suddenly inside a Circus, in which a *troupe* were giving their entertainment apparently to empty benches, was but the work of a moment. I noticed that the structure seemed shadowy, and I advanced into the ring. Two Bounding Brothers were going through their exercise. I poked one with my umbrella. It went through him. I approached the leading lady, and tried playfully to embrace her. My arms clasped nothing—she was mere vapour. The Ring-master stooped down to pick up something; I tried to sit on him—I went to the ground. There was no doubt about it; I had met with a Circus *troupe* of performing spirits. They were clearly Gullytoff's relations. They crowded about me.

"And are you happy?" I asked, struck with the rather mournful cast of their countenances.

"Almost," they replied. "The fact is, we should be quite, if it were not for the circumstance of our playing to empty benches. It is weary work never getting a hand," they sighed.

"And we have been running this programme now for eighteen thousand nights in this oasis," added the Ring-master, with a mournful smile. "It is a little slow—*just* a little slow!"

"But it shall be so no longer!" I rejoined brightly. For I had already made my resolve. I would materialise these poor spectres, and restore them living, breathing, animate beings to Gullytoff once more. And as I made up my mind, I felt my whole energy of being rush irresistibly into one channel, and all my mighty strength of will sweep on supremely to one steadfast and tremendous purpose. The effort was colossal, but so was the result. Gradually a strange change came over them. Their forms grew denser. The trousers of the Ring-master seemed to fill out. The Bounding Brothers appeared visibly to put on flesh. The *rouge* came in distinct patches on the leading lady's cheeks. My patience was rewarded. My agonising efforts were successful. Their materialisation was complete. Within three hours I had paid my hotel bill, and booked our passage by the mail route direct to Southampton.

* * * * * *

But I must not further delay the climax of my story. I had brought my charges safely to Oxford, and installed them in my rooms. Their arrival created some excitement in the College. This I discounted. I saw the Principal passing beneath, and I willed that he should break out suddenly into a Highland Fling. This he instantly did in the centre of the quadrangle, and by his wild antics at once quite absorbed the universal attention. Meantime Gullytoff, who had, by a strange coincidence, just arrived that very morning from Patagonia, had recognised his lost relatives, and my scout was about to lay lunch, when we became conscious of the presence in our midst of a blazing big balloon of blue fire, containing in its centre the evil-looking little money-lending Jew. Gullytoff turned pale. Then he asked his malign relative what he wanted.

"What I want?" shrieked out the vindictive little Jew, in reply. "Why, I have just looked in to have a little more fun. I'll teach you to meddle with the Black Arts. They shall all die in your rooms! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

And with a withering curse on the whole party, he took an upward bound and vanished in a bigger halo of blue fire through the ceiling.

His prediction was not long in taking effect. One by one the *troupe* were seized successively by violent apoplectic fits. Gullytoff rushed first to one, then the other, foaming at the mouth, his black hair streaming in all directions, and his eyeballs starting out of his head. Just as the second Bounding Brother succumbed, he staggered blindly towards him, and giving one last wild cry and wringing his hands, fell a lifeless log across his prostrate body. I summoned my scout, and desired him to send for the nearest undertaker.

* * * * * *

There was a Coroner's Inquest. The reputation of the College suffered somewhat. But the Jury brought in a verdict of Accidental Death; though, as I had willed that the Principal and Vice-Chancellor should be more or less implicated in the affair, they added a damaging rider reflecting severely on the character of those worthies.

Though this happened some years ago, I am still in residence. From time to time I have had a *Walpurgis Nacht*, with its attendant orgies, within the College walls, and on the morrow of these occasions I have invariably been requested by the Principal and Fellows to take my name off the College books. Need I say I have always declined? I am still studying the Black Art, but have not yet taken my Master's degree. The Principal, I fancy, instinctively avoids me. Men seem to give me a wide berth in Hall. Are these things strange? Sometimes I think they are; sometimes I think they are not. Now and then I find myself asking myself how it will all end! Ah! how will it? That's the question. Who knows?

General Boulanger's "Props."—For Tragedy—a prancing black horse. For Comedy—a music-hall song. For Farce—a pair of blue spectacles.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 12.—To-night comes CHARLIE BERESFORD's opportunity in the great combined attack upon the Government, conducted by sea and land under General and Admiral Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C. The Navy now signalled into action. Great opportunity for CHARLIE, but marred in advance by the astuteness of GRANDOLPH. CHARLIE used up last week in supporting GRANDOLPH's personal attack on Army Estimates. If he'd saved himself for to-night, would have had full House and high old time. But sacrificed himself for GRANDOLPH's sake. House didn't care to hear speech over again. If CHARLIE hadn't said what he had to say last week, he should have done. House never cares to make two bites at cherry or speech. Inattention and indifference re-acted upon CHARLIE. Not at all up to the mark. Gun-room stories best part of speech, but these not artistically handled.

Admiral MAYNE told off to keep ex-Junior Lord supplied with water. Duty carried out in sailor-like fashion. Hove alongside with bucket of water and sat down on Bench at orator's feet.

"Ahoy!" sang out CHARLIE, in loud aside, when his throat got parched with much speaking.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the Admiral, and ran up the bucket, hand over hand, till CHARLIE could dip his beaker in it. Then lowered away and stowed it under seat.

House never tired of watching this manœuvre. But nothing could keep debate alive. Flickered out before dinner-hour. Seemed as if House going into Committee. But suddenly wind freshened, sails filled out, and debate went off on another tack.

Rear Admiral FIELD greatly distinguished himself; came down with notes of prodigious speech full fifty fathoms long. Anxious to speak from corner seat by Cross-Benches. But that belongs to TINDAL ROBERTSON, the blind Member for Brighton. Absent just now, but expected down after dinner. So FIELD cruised about the Bar till ROBERTSON hove in sight; ran up to him; took him in tow, and adroitly anchored him on front Cross-Bench, thus leaving corner clear. ROBERTSON seemed to think position unusual. But, accustomed to be led to seat by friendly Members, said nothing, and

Field had anchorage before Cross-Bench all to himself. Covered Front Bench for half its space with his notes, leaned against Cross-Bench and enjoyed himself for space of an hour. Can't be said, as far as audience was concerned, that pleasure was mutual. But Members might at least leave the House,—and they did.

Business done.—None.

Tindal Robertson's Convoy.

Tuesday.—No limits to energy or versatility of Grandolph. Means to bring down a Government that presumes to continue its existence when he has withdrawn. Doesn't matter whence or how he can attack them. Last week assailed them by land. Yesterday attacked them by sea. To-day fires a mine in far-off Ind. Old Morality, reviewing position at question time, thought Government were going to have a quiet day. Slagg had Motion down, challenging frontier policy in India. He would make his speech, Gorst would reply, and then, in all probability, House would be Counted Out. In the pleasing prospect quite forgot Grandolph. But that invincible and insatiable warrior not to be ignored. Having assumed the command of the combined land and sea forces, would now add India as a trifle in his wallet. Showed himself a little shaky in some of his figures, and not quite certain in his geography. But what was clear at end of his speech was that a miserable Government that had no Army worth speaking of, and no Navy that the Swiss could not swallow at a mouthful, were making terrible mess of it in India. Old Morality, who had left the House after questions, cautiously returned and sat in abject misery on Treasury Bench, whilst Grandolph further demolished Ministry.

"The Mildest-mannered Man."

After this hope of a Count Out and a peaceful sitting vanished. All the authorities on India came to the front, and hour after hour passed. Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, the mildest mannered man that ever cut into debate, gave Randolph a neat hit. "Heartily welcomed as a recruit to the ranks of Economy, the Noble Lord, who was responsible for the addition of 10,000 European soldiers to the Indian Army." Close upon midnight Roper Lethbridge rose to make his treasured speech, whereupon Caine, who had comfortably delivered his, moved Closure, and House divided.

Joseph Gillis now asserted himself. Took seat above Gangway, so as to be nearer the Speaker, and with copy of Orders in hand, closely followed the right honourable gentleman's utterances. Whenever a Bill in Catalogue of Orders of the Day recited and proposal made to advance it a stage, the lithe, lissom figure of Joey B. rose to its full height, and, with fairy hand clutching at the air, he uttered the magic words, "I object!"

No appeal. Under New Rules any Member taking objection to progress of particular Bills after midnight, can stop them; and Joseph did, his face meanwhile beaming with large benevolence, and a little chuckle, sounding, now and again, like faint, far-off echo of the groans of Members who found their opportunity strangled.

Business done.—Slagg's Resolution condemning Frontier Policy in India, rejected by 122 votes against 72.

Wednesday.—"When we rearrange the Parliamentary Calendar, this will be known as S. Bradlaugh's Day."

It was the voice of the Attorney-General; I knew he would complain. Bradlaugh had moved Second Reading of Oaths Bill. A few years ago Member for Northampton had been hustled out of the House, and finally kicked down-stairs, first because would not take the Oath, and then because he wanted to. Now, had brought in Bill not only practically abolishing Oath in Parliament, but everywhere else where honest citizens are called upon to swear. Attorney-General not even permitted to speak for Government in opposing Bill. Too many Conservatives, including Solicitor-General, going other way. Bradlaugh master of the situation. Terrible conviction that he might, an he pleased, have Old Morality kicked down-stairs, or even the Attorney-General.

Grandolph invincible on the sea, irresistible on land, and master of India, quite broken down by Bradlaugh. The question before House to-day was the very one that gave birth to the Fourth Party. Grandolph, sitting in corner seat above the Gangway, recalled and contrasted the old times, when, firmly but gracefully standing in his chariot Obstruction, he drove his irrepressible party, three abreast, riding down everything, even Gladstone's overwhelming majority. Now, Gorst was on the Treasury Bench, Balfour in the Cabinet, Wolffie on the road to Teheran, Bradlaugh carrying everything before him, and Grandolph stranded on a back Bench. A dark and troubled outlook.

Grandolph taking a Gloomy View of the Political Situation.

Business done. — Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill carried by majority of 100.

Thursday.—Field positively on again with more acres of speech! On Monday, this Ancient Mariner button-holed House for upwards of an hour; interrupted by stroke of midnight. Now, having, as he genially admits, refreshed his memory, proposes to go on for another hour. Moored once again in his favourite anchorage before Cross-Benches, having during question time beguiled Tindal Robertson into the offing by false signals, towed him into the library and stranded him there.

"Don't often get a chance of making a speech," says Admiral. "Now I've got it, mean to make most of opportunity."

Members cleared out with one accord, leaving Admiral in solitary possession of the deck. This bad enough in its way, but worse to follow. The reverberating Colomb, who last week desolated House, encouraged by Field's success, positively came to front again. Lugged in seven baskets filled with fragments from the feast he had provided last week. These now scrupulously served out. Unhappy House in ultimate stage of inanition. Almost at last gasp when, somehow, there being literally no one present to object, tumbled into Committee. Voted trifle over Three Millions sterling in trifle over three minutes' time.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday Night.—Osman Digna Morgan ran Marriott to earth to-night in matter of brief accepted for Ismail Pasha. Osman has had his eye upon Marriott for some time. Painful to well-regulated mind to hear of such enormous fee as Marriott got; a reflection on the stay-at-home Bar. Marriott made few jokes in reply; Fergusson was very serious; and Attorney-General professionally indignant. But, on whole, affair rather dragged, and everyone glad when Division came. As Plunket says, "Judge-Advocate-General on Judge-Advocate-General is false heraldry."

Business done.—Marriott whitewashed by 218 Votes against 126.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(*For various Sufferers.*)

There was an old woman,
And what do you think,
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink,
Victuals and drink,
Were the chief of her diet,
And so she had gout—
When she had to be quiet.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man,
Pat it and bake it as fast as you can;
Bake it and serve it to someone, not me,
For I'm not allowed to take any pastree.

Jack and Jill
Felt rather ill,
Until they drank hot water.
It did Jack good
Before his food,
But Jill took tumblers after.

Merry Andrew.

MOTTO FOR THE MODERN PRIZE RACE.

He who won't fight, but "sprints" away,
May live to "gas" another day.

Scrupulous Indeed.—The Liberals of the Gower Division of Glamorgan must surely be ardent supporters of Mr. Bradlaugh's "Oaths Bill." *They* cannot even be induced to "take their (Sir Horace) Davey!"

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WAR!

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron.*

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an article of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher, so that on every Sabbath the incense from one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven.—RICHARD.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED Nature. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which exists in England year after year.—KINGSLEY.

Read Pamphlet entitled "Duty" (on Prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each Bottle of ENO'S "Vegetable Moto."

MY HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

GENERAL OFFICER, writes from Ascot, on Jan. 5, 1888, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I count it a privilege to say so, first in consideration, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac, it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common I daresay with numerous fellows of my age (97), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No wonder, however, do I use your cheery remedy, from sole pain—'Richard is himself again!' My only dread is I raise your composition, thus, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have failed to appreciate its incomparable benefits:

THE ENO'S SALT INCHES FOR 1888, To raise of this elixir make;
Put drain the dregs, and lick the bug Of this the perfect pick-me-up.

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely subdued in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration is mine to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of like name, and the clearer I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me, Sir, gratefully and, A CORPORAL, 19TH HUSSARS.—July 28, 1886.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked

"ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'"

Without it, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. SOLD by all Chemists.

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"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."—"When I feels queer I stops beer, and takes ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO.'"—*Pun.*

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WEST INDIES.—"To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—Please send further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. inclosed (£4 5s. 11d.). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, 11th October, 1887."

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IMPORTANT TO ALL.—They ought to be kept in every house and every travelling-trunk in readiness for any emergency.

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"Rich in Phosphates."—Medical Lancet.

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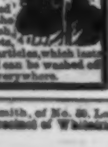

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